





The Volcano Kilauea



Kate Marcia Forbes







THE ROAD TO KILAUEA.

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DEDICATION

To my Father and Mother
Who early taught me to love the Beautiful

*Walk with the Beautiful, and with the Grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee, weeping, by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her;
Walk with the Beautiful.*

*I hear thee say: "The Beautiful! What is it?"
Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door;
Then love the Beautiful.*

—BARRINGTON.







TREE FERNS ON THE ROAD TO KILAUEA.

INTRODUCTION.

AFTER several years' residence in the Hawaiian Islands, it has been my experience that few people who have visited the Volcano have been able to give "the folks back home" any satisfactory idea of its appearance. Many pictures show the pit, lava fields and most unusual objects of interest therein but these are without text, while books on the subject are written from a scientific standpoint, and full of technical terms better understood by the student than the public.

The little booklet which I now offer is descriptive only. The statements are not exaggeration, and for these facts I am indebted to the scientists in charge of the observatory. Attention is called to the extreme difficulty of making one description cover a subject where so great a diversity of action is present, but the main features remain at all times the same.

It was my good fortune to spend several weeks in close proximity to the volcano during a period of unusual activity, when con-

ditions were right for observing it free from smoke, and I have endeavored to touch briefly, all the details.

In separate form, the legendary history is also briefly outlined. One must have lived here in order to realize how closely the mythical as well as the actual character of the volcano is interwoven in the life of the people today. It has not been one hundred years since idolatry was abolished, and while nowhere on the globe has such wonderful progress been made in civilization and culture as here, yet the influence of superstitions and beliefs which formerly dominated, cannot be entirely eradicated in the space of two or three generations.

Kilauea is so fascinating to all who seek the mysterious, so full of inspiration for all who revere the sublime, that it can never become commonplace.

This booklet is sent out in the hope of promoting a wider knowledge of these islands' most impressive feature.

KATE MARCIA FORBES,

Honolulu, Hawaii.



PHOTO BY R. J. BAKER

HALEMAUMAU, "THE HOUSE OF EVERLASTING FIRE."

THE LEGEND OF MADAME PELE, OR KILAUEA.

EVERY action of a volcano in Hawaii, according to the folk lore of the country, is attributed to some burst of temperament on the part of their fire goddess, Pele.

Her story is this: Once upon a time, far, far away in the South West, in the land Hapakuella, where the sea touched the sky, dwelt Kanehoalani and Kahinalii. To them were born a daughter, Pele, and two sons, Kamohoalii and Kahuilaokalani, who lived together in happiness and simple joy.

When Pele reached womanhood, like to other maidens, love came. On Wahailoa, stalwart and handsome, she fixed her choice, bestowing heart and hand in marriage and new joys were added unto them in the birth of their daughter Laka and son Menehune.

All went well, until temptation assailed Wahailoa in the form of Pelekumulani, whose charms so overwhelmed him that duty, wife, children, all were forgotten, and he ran away with the enticer. Pele, deserted, her

heart torn with grief and jealousy, outraged pride, decided to take him back (if she could get him—"on account of the children"), so, with her brothers for companions, she left Hapakuela to search for the recreant one.

At that time facilities for travel were few. There was even no water, salt or fresh. Her devoted parents, however, wishing to assuage her sorrows, aided her in every way possible, and gave her the sea to ride upon, with canoes to carry her safely over it. Wherever she journeyed, the sea carried her onward, flowing from her head in whatever direction she wished to go.

Finally, in her travels, she came to the lands of the Hawaiian Islands, and in despair, was forced to abandon the search; but fate did not compel her to be separated long from her kindred, for the love borne her by her loyal family caused them all to leave Hapakuela and join her at a later date.

She took up her abode first on the island of Kauai, and became a recluse, living deep in the earth. Occasionally, apparently forgetful, and in a temporarily more happy mood, she went out among the people, join-

ing in their games, but woe betide the careless mortal who unwittingly offended her; vindictive, in an instant she was bent on their destruction. Generally, she never showed herself except when painful memories hidden in her heart drove her to frenzy, then, tearing her hair, shrieking, enveloped in clouds of thick, black smoke, she burst forth in a fury of fiery rage.

At will, she had the power to assume either the form of a woman, or those of fire and water and other accompaniments of volcanic action. In the form of earthquakes she shook the ground. In the molten lava she became the revengeful pursuer, when mankind displeased by any act not approved by her. Apparently, her cruel disappointment in the fickle Wahailoa soured her nature.

It is interesting to note that the location of the different homes occupied by restless Pele in these islands, agrees in Hawaiian mythology with the geographical dates of different volcanic eruptions, from the first action on Kauai, through Molokai, to Maui, down to her present residence in Halemaumau, on Hawaii.

Only a few years ago she began her travels again, and in her terrible form of molten lava, almost reached Hilo. The people, alarmed, begged their queen to interfere and save their homes and country. The queen ordered a stone wall built before her to check her flow, but what woman, much less an insulted goddess, in quest of love, would yield to the behest of a Queen? With the fury of the woman scorned, she disregarded the wall and passed over it. Other and more diplomatic blandishments were tried—a luau, or feast, was given in her honor, to which all the populace gathered, and animal sacrifices were offered. Her wrath was softened, she was moved to pity. Harkening to the prayers of the people, she returned home.

Never since has she ventured forth on her quest, and it is to be hoped that through all time to come she will be content to sit beside her own hearth stone and grow old gracefully, leaving “*affaires de coeur*” to other and younger women.



NATURE'S PYROTECHNICS.

THE VOLCANO KILAUEA.

IN these days, the tendency of the times is search for the novel and unusual. It applies to almost all lines of business. The public is satisfied with nothing less than an improvement over past efforts, or something it has never had or seen before. The traveler, also, when he is seized with an attack of "wanderlust" and begins to feel the desire for strange things in strange lands, must, of necessity, get away from the beaten tracks. Europe, war torn, is temporarily, at least, out of the question, so that hitherto somewhat neglected parts of the world are coming into their own.

History erred when teaching us that there are but seven greatest wonders of the world. All those so specified, deserve being placed in a class by themselves, yet there is one marvel outside this classification which stands superlative, outranks all the rest. Hawaii, largest island of the Hawaiian group, contains it. Thirty-six miles from the town of Hilo, and a night's trip by boat from Honolulu, is to be found the volcano, Kilauea, a

greater wonder than all the other seven, beside which, all man-made things seem trifling and insignificant.

With the world for a stage, Kilauea, largest continuously active and most accessible volcano, "the only tame one in captivity" puts on a continuous performance, unfolds the most spectacular panorama ever presented to view.

Exploring a volcano has always been associated in my mind with climbing a mountain's precipitous sides, a strenuous job calling for a guide, ropes and an Alpen stock, wearisome travel, toiling knee-deep through ashes and over rocky trails. How different is the experience here. The ascent is so gradual, one fails to perceive any likeness to a mountain. Think of driving all the way to it in an automobile as comfortably as when one goes out for an afternoon call, with no more hardships than would be encountered going to church on a Sunday morning.

A fine cinder covered road, smooth as a garden path, extends the whole distance. Hedging either side are giant tree ferns, whose graceful, feathery fronds tower house-high above, rising from trunks big as an oak

tree. Along this road, smaller ferns grow, and climbing vines—a wilderness of green. Vegetation and parasitic plants are massed on every tree trunk, in rock and crevice where a grain of soil can lodge. Thickets of guava and patches of berries drop their luscious fruit in careless profusion. Nature has been so lavish in her bestowal of fruit and other edible things in these islands, that almost is it possible to literally obey the Scriptural injunction to “toil not, neither spin.”

Blooming bushes of fuchias, heliotrope, nasturtiums, roses, begonias, clumps of yellow and white ginger flowers, all growing wild, are clustered everywhere and waft a fragrant breath o’er a land “Where the birds are ever singing, and the weather ever fine.”

Scenically, the land of Heart’s Desire and the Hawaiian Islands are one and the same place.

All that imagination can picture of beauty is to be found here, blue skies flecked with cumulous, cottony clouds mirrored in opal seas; — verdure covered mountains looking from a distance, like immense billows of green velvet, down whose sides cascading

waterfalls tumble, whose wind blown mists fling rainbows for our further charm, refract all the colors of a prism; a land of sunshine not too ardent, and at the end of perfect days, sunsets that leave one at peace with God and man. This is not a description of one choice day, picked from the calendar, but the sum total, three hundred and sixty-five.

Small wonder the native Hawaiian is noted for his affable, kindly disposition; small wonder that his voice and heart are attuned to song. God's harmonies of color and sound encompass him. He is a second Adam, born into an earthly Paradise.

One can wander at will through thickest jungle and encounter no harmful animal, no poisonous plant, and, most remarkable, no snakes. There have never been any here, and the territorial law prohibits their importation, even for exhibition purposes.

I digress, this loveliness delights, but the "sumum magnum" lies beyond us.

Here and there, as we bowl along the winding road, a rosy light is seen. Every turn and clearing in the dense forests presents a brighter beam, a lengthening vista, a

broader, higher illumination. Trees are left behind, the summit area is reached, Kilauea lies before us, at an altitude of about 4000 feet.

Imagine a Chicago fire of 1871 casting its lights and reflections on the clouds above, rimmed round by an horizon, velvety black. A full moon, rising, floods every object with silvery light, softens each weird, rugged outline. One great, yellow, luminous star hangs glowing in a sky, the exact intense purple-blue shade of Maxfield Parrish's backgrounds. Nowhere in the world do the stars shine with such brilliancy, seem so close, as in the tropics—and the moon!—an ethereal symphony, a Schubert's Serenade of light.

Mauna Loa, next which Kilauea lies, towers majestically above, the largest single mountain in the world, visible almost in her entirety. She stretches her length about 80 miles, her breadth 40 to 50, rising in a gradual slope from sea level to 14,000 feet, like an enormous, slightly flattened dome. Her sky line is unbroken, no jagged peaks are seen, even her sides appear to be a gentle slope.

In the intervening space between the light

from the pit, and circle of darkness, are barren fields of lava rock, giant's pebbles cast out ages ago, covering a vast area of land, miles of dead, burned out cinder, absolutely arid, utterly desolate. Constant clouds of steam uprising from cracks and holes, at intervals all over this surface, hint of the still burning depths.

With grinding brakes we move on, beginning the descent of the crater, darting through clouds of steam, assailed by pungent, choking whiffs of sulphur fumes. We "park" our automobile a few yards from the brink, follow a path a few steps and seat ourselves two feet from the edge of the pit.

Shading our eyes from the heat, we look down in Halemaumau, "The House of Everlasting Fire." Three hundred feet below,* a bubbling, seething pool of boiling lava, living fire, in width 200 feet and in length 700 feet, shoots up rockets of flame 70 feet and more into the air, spray showers of molten rock and burning gas, with a

* This is not a fixed level. The whole mass rises and falls, from within a few feet of the pit edge, to depths unmeasurable, fluctuation being in accordance with the activity of the Volcano.

roar louder than the mightiest surf that ever beat on rock-bound, stormy shores.

Imagine the 20th Century Limited tearing through Sleepy Hollow at midnight, rails rocking, whistle shrieking, bell clanging, with every air brake and steam exhaust blowing and hissing—then you have some faint conception of the noise.

Liquid lava is of such a character and light-weight, yeasty consistency, that it cools almost instantly where the air strikes it, a thin crust forms and turns black, even at a temperature of from 1800 to 2000 degrees Fahrenheit, measured heat of the pit.

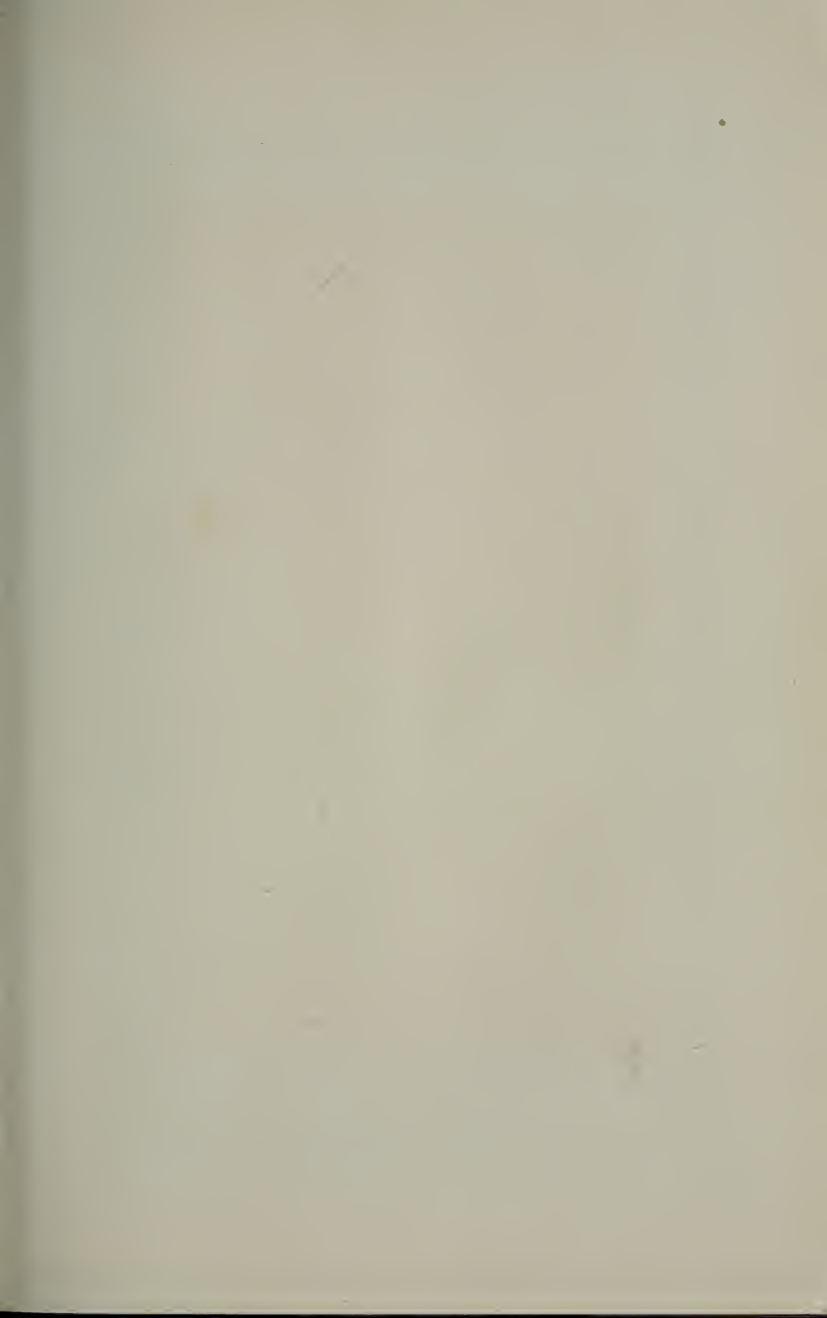
The "clinical thermometer" used for insertion under Madame Pele's feverish, flaming tongue, is a unique device.

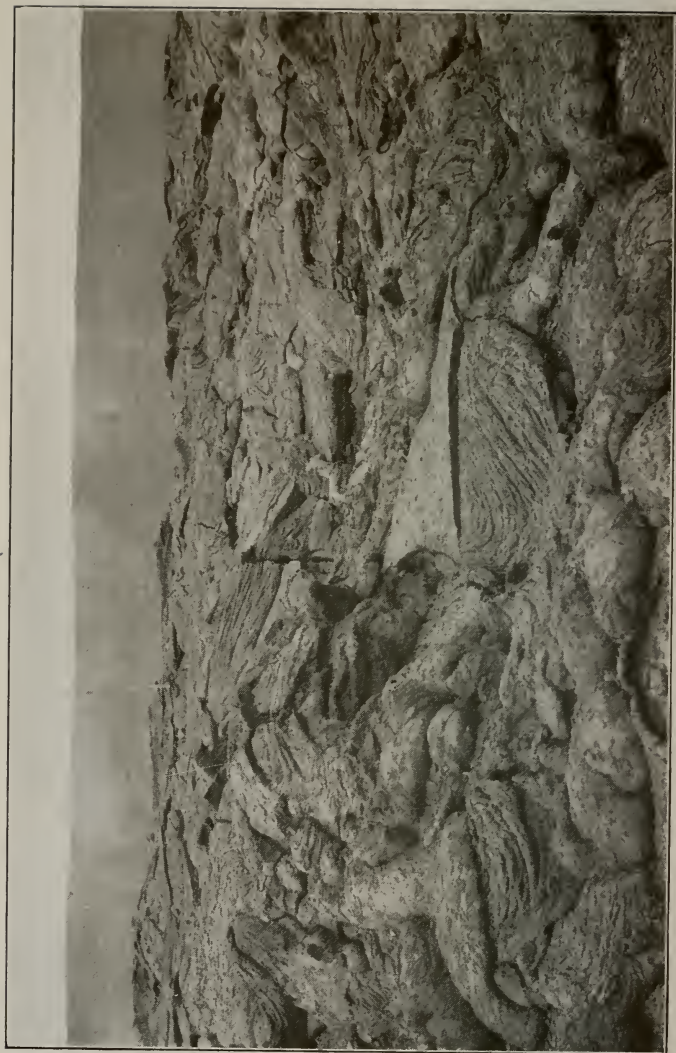
A galvanized iron wire, coiled round like a spring, was contained in an ordinary one-inch iron pipe. Inside the coiled wire was a battery of six Seeger cones, made of pipe clay, such as are used in the porcelain industry. These cones fuse at certain degrees of heat, ranging from 770 to 1200 degrees and higher. Lengths of pipe amounting to 220 feet were used. Standing on an eminence of the crag mass, at the nearest possi-

ble approach to the lava river, the pipe was slid out over the cooled crust to a fountain area. At the moment when the lava skin or crust broke, and fountaining or geyser action began, the pipe was thrust deeply down into the flaming, white hot lava, which immediately began solidifying around the pipe. Withdrawing it, tests proved a temperature of 2053 degrees.

Uncountable fountains and geysers, yellow as gold, play in the pitchy mass. Surrounding these most active fire fountains, lava rivers flow rapidly, thick, viscid, undulating, serpentine, heaving like a loose cover over a cauldron of steam. The leaven of this huge mass is gas, spouting and flaming from the very bowels of the earth.

As we gaze, suddenly this Titan's tarbucket is ripped asunder. Luminous streaks appear in every direction. Giant flaming fingers rend this inky surface like chain lightning zig-zagging before a summer's storm. Ever and quickly widening, these cracks extend until the whole mass breaks. Huge black bubbles, bursting, throw jets of golden lava high above. Leaping, writhing rockets of liquid fire hiss through the air, spreading





LAVA BED NEAR EDGE OF THE PIT.

showers of glowing rock sparks, a Brobdignagian pyrotechnic display. Below, huge sections, like chunks of asphalt a city block long, swirl and are tossed about in the currents, like corks on an ocean wave, turn end up, roll over and convert themselves into seething furnaces, cauldrons of bubbling gold, whose molten, glowing contents boil over the edges and turn black the moment of escape.

There is a never ending change. One moment the substance cools and solidifies, the next, it is transformed into liquid again.

The three witches of Macbeth must surely have looked into some such depth as this when they brewed their potion and delivered their incantation, "Bubble, Bubble, Toil and Trouble."

On one side, at an opening in a ledge, an arch of rock roofs a cataract of lava. Not a waterfall, but a heavy metallic stream orange-yellow, broad as a river, leaps and tumbles to a hole 30 feet below, a miniature Niagara, whose waste is carried swiftly away from view, to disappear under the surface of the earth.

Reflected in the light from this glowing mass, the cavern shows row after row of

stalactites, a yawning, fiery pit, a very Dragon's mouth.

At another place, apparently from a blow hole or gas tube, on a level with the main body of the bubbling, boiling lake, a stream of lava shoots across the heaving surface as water spouts from a fireman's hose. Coming from a different direction, with a distinct movement unlike the current or tide of the main flow, this bisecting stream cleaves a golden furrow, followed by streamers and showers of flaming golden spray; on either side, red-gold waves of this glowing substance fall in sinuous folds in the same way that newly turned earth slips from the point of a plough share.

There is a constant circulation of the lava lake, a change in the direction of its flow, from one side of the pit to the other, a continual rise and fall, an ebbing and flowing like a tide covering and uncovering a beach. An everlasting struggle is going on between the interior and exterior forces of the earth.

Here is a workshop that has been running a double shift since the beginning of time, and probably will until the end of it.

Remember, this is not a fire, that burning,

consumes itself as flame destroys a piece of wood, flickers and disappears, leaving the ash, but this is ever living, eternal, unquenchable, burning a melting world, forever and forever.

I formerly thought of fire as being one of the mightiest elements, but, withal, ephemeral; a something which would eventually burn itself out, to vanish into thin air, leaving few traces of what it fed upon. Here is an appalling thing—an active power, exerting a force almost beyond comprehension. This volcanic fire is not a disappearing medium, but a material substance, real, weighty, substantial, a burning concrete actuality, never ending.

This voracious mouth of the living earth is ever devouring, ever swallowing, only to regurgitate and begin the same thing over again—ever building up, ever destroying, and losing nothing of its volume in the process.

At times, owing to the sudden escape of enormous quantities of gas, the entire pool sinks so rapidly that its retrograde movement may be watched like the receding waters after a flood.

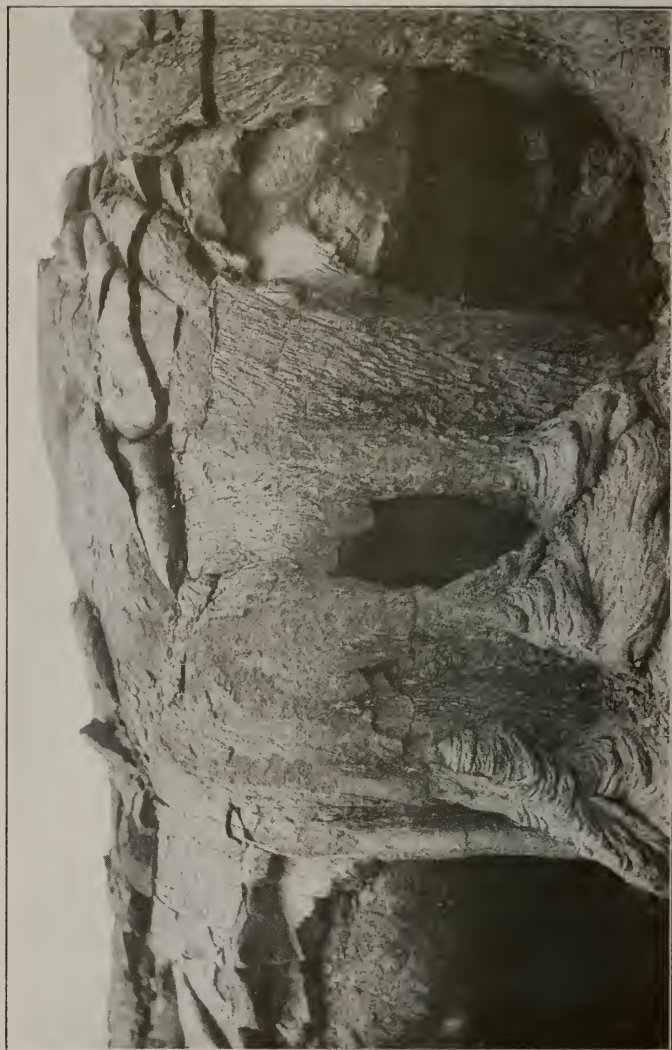
Such a condition had occurred between my

first visit and the next. The beautiful cataract had disappeared, the ledge over which it poured had been absorbed and disintegrated, a prey of the insatiable fire monster. Pinnacles and yawning chasms showed, which yesterday had been hidden 50 feet under a sheet of fire; but, as before, the general condition remained the same.

Each pinnacle spouted jets of crimson lava from under its base, that swirling, eddying, moved on to blacken, to burst into fountains and to be ultimately drawn down into some other vortex; or cascading down an incline to rush away in rapids and whirlpools between towering cliffs.

In places that a few hours previously had been covered with molten lava, after the intense heat had diminished, great sections of the lower rock wall would crack and break off, and with a mighty crash, a slide and a splash, plunge into the raging inferno of this waiting abyss. The fury of these licking flames, this turbulent pool, cannot be estimated, or could it be expressed in units of power, the mind could not gauge its immensity.

Here is chaos—no longer a meaningless definition—no longer the intangible, impal-



A PETRIFIED CATARACT.

pable vague term which described the embryonic mass that later divided into elemental parts evolving a world; no longer a shadowy, mental concept, but chaos visible, chaos present, and, in a measure, understandable. The most wonderful, awe inspiring mystery imaginable, as like now, doubtless, as in the time when "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the deep."

Air currents, differences in atmospheric conditions, natural forces, pressure, each successive hour each day and night, combine to present a kaleidoscopic infinity of change. Never is it possible to see this wonder twice alike.

By day, the lava flows surge ceaselessly on, in color a leaden gray, shimmering like a piece of Moire silk. Mother Earth shakes out this, her handiwork, a design whose pattern is traced by interwoven ribbons of red fire, embroidered with crimson and scarlet splashes of flame. Blue-green sulphur fumes spread a diaphanous sheen over all, while puffs of thick, black smoke escaping, variegate the whole, relieving and intensifying color effects.

Nature, greatest artist of them all, holds

out her palette and paints an ever varying picture before our awe-struck, wondering eyes. Her daubs of color spurt from tubes 50 miles deep, mixed in God's primeval laboratory, an inexhaustible supply.

There are times when for many months the lava sinks so deep into the earth that not a glimmer of fire is visible. All is then quiet. Thin columns of smoke ascending, ghostlike, without even the tinkle of a falling rock, hint of the hidden powers below. Then, where erstwhile this fiery pit blazed, show ridges, ledges, hollows, holes like an old water-course drained, and one may walk about on it.

The pit, a long irregular oval, is enclosed by almost perpendicular walls, varying in height, according to the rise and fall of the lava tide.

Now, they rear their frowning ridges, a vast amphitheater, 300 feet above the lake of fire. These walls are not solid rock, but layer after layer, piled up on its fellow, as a mason would build a stone fence without mortar. It is true, they are partially joined together, but so cracked, so seamed and furrowed that each piece appears to be separate.

Former lava risings have left their marks in ledges and terraces. In 1894 and earlier, it overflowed and ran many miles. Tourists dipped sticks in the flowing ooze, twisting it in fancy shapes, and carried them away as souvenirs. Today, picnic parties go to the lava beds, cache their lunches and use a steam hole to serve their coffee, piping hot. Didn't I mention in the beginning, that this is an accommodating volcano?

In 1912 the lava rose to within 60 feet of the top, and at one time that year, was suddenly deflated, the entire enormous mass sinking 1000 feet in 24 hours time. During the 1916-1917 lava rise, the whole molten mass rose to within 45 feet of the top. Two large islands of rock were pushed up from below and appeared high above the surface of the lake. These maintained their positions many weeks, and were eventually explored, both by scientists and tourists, passage to them being effected across the perilously thin cooled surface of a lava "skin," beneath which and glowing through it, showed the living fires. Phenomena were presented and data obtained which are original in volcanic research, not to speak of "thrills" which will

endure while memory lasts. Never before during observation of Kilauea has Pele manifested such spectacular moods.

The lava beds present a different aspect from the pit. Kilauea is a barren waste, a vast hole over 600 feet deep, two to five miles wide, nine long, covered with a substance that looks exactly like thick, oozy, black mud. One knows it is solid and hard like rock, but hesitates to step on it, feeling, instinctively, that he will surely mire. This black flood, cooling from its original sticky, thick-molasses like flow has assumed an infinite variety of shapes, every conceivable form, ranging from the most fanciful and grotesque, to the delicacy and fragility of a snow crystal.

All lava rocks are porous as a sponge, and some of them of almost as little weight, echoing back a tinkling, hollow sound under the lightest footfall; some specimens may be easily pulverized, often times crumbling between one's fingers, on the slightest pressure.

Well marked paths may be easily followed, guiding one between special objects of interest, in different directions all over the fields, making it possible for the sight-seer to



THE THREE GRACES.

go about unaided with perfect safety, and at his leisure.

Here are found lava caves filled with stalactites, stalagmites, incongruous shapes twisted by heat and air currents, influenced in form by every gradation of the earth's surface, every obstacle in the way of a straight flow; piled up, buckled over upon itself, and cooling as it fell.

Here and there are piles resembling monstrous animals, or a bubble, bursting, has hardened into a huge, inverted cistern, base up, still spouting sulphur fumes or clouds of steam.

One gets some idea of the age of the earth, here where her old face is shown unveiled, so wrinkled, harsh, devoid of every vestige of her transforming make-up, trees, flowers, grass.

Rock fiber, wafted up from the boiling pit on heat waves and carried away by the wind, everywhere fills crevices with fringes fine and brittle, a natural spun glass, light as thistledown, actual strands of glistening hair. The ancient Hawaiians, believing that their fire goddess, Pele, made her home in Hala-maumu, have named this fiber Pele's hair.

Tourists always make a mad rush to scorch postcards in the sulphur cracks. They make a madder rush to get away again too, for with the wind in the wrong direction an innocent looking little puff of sulphur smoke can bring on an attack of near-whooping cough in less time than it takes to tell of it.

At a short distance from the volcano, fields of pumice, banks of yellow sulphur which crunches under foot like crisp snow, pillars of rock, are all jumbled together, a heterogeneous mass. Trees standing in the path of the lava flows were encircled and made stone. Long since, the wood decayed and crumbled into dust, but the molds remain, showing in their hollow interiors the forms of the trees like fossil deposits in an ancient stratum of rock.

All over and under the surrounding country are interesting things. Caves and lava tubes run for miles under the surface, while in the forests, sometimes 30 miles away from the main now active crater, are other craters, (dormant), curious and unusual lava formations standing among trees, showing how these veins of fire have honeycombed the

whole land. The island is a veritable treasure house of novel sights.

The whole group of Hawaiian Islands is volcanic in its origin. Each island, however, has dormant craters, more or less like Kilauea, but each with some feature which sets it apart from the rest, renders it unique. Hawaii, largest island, although the youngest, is still in process of formation. One may be in "on the ground floor" here, at the making of new territory.

Mauna Loa has 15 known pits like Kilauea, and uncounted others hidden by forests and jungle. All but Kilauea are now dormant, and all bear mute though eloquent testimony of the marvels this brooding mother shelters, liable at any moment to a sudden fiery display.

Picture Mauna Loa in daytime: At her feet, a pillar of white smoke, her snow capped heights glistening, cloud banks lazily drifting along her sides, now concealing, now revealing her beautiful outlines. Picture her at eventide when the weary sun has run its daily course and dropped to rest—her summit rose-pink, the heavens above gilded with amber, and in the waning light, shading to

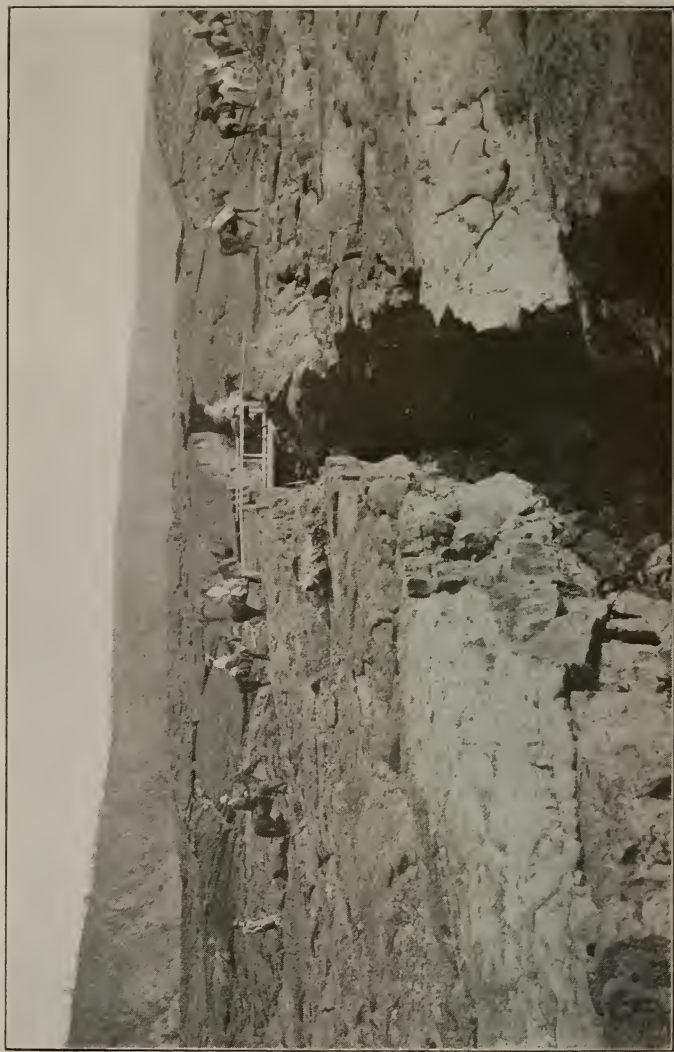
more delicate tints, lavender, gray, blue-white, till finally, she sleeps, serene above a pillar of fire.

In many places, the lava beds show wonderful diversity of color. Yellow, orange-green sulphur fissures, shades of red and brown, umber, in splotches or acres in extent, relieve the awful blackness of this burned out waste, and loom up, vividly bright by contrast. Deposits of gypsum and soluble alum are seen, and many other things that only a scientist can classify.

At elevations overlooking the whole area, are stations and an observatory where instruments measure and record the workings of the volcano, its accompanying earthquakes and other phenomena; where men are devoting their lives to studying and furnishing the world the scientific records and explanations.

The funds for this work are furnished principally by private individuals in the Hawaiian Islands who are interested in research, in connection with and under the supervision of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. An effort is being made at present to have the United States government set aside the tract for a Natnoial Park Reser-





A CHASM IN A LAVA BED.

vation and to appropriate a sum sufficient to carry on further investigations.* A trail is now being marked to the summit of Mauna Loa.

One of the most appreciated facts of Kilauea's accessibility is that it is unnecessary to sacrifice comfort in order to see it. Kilauea is not remote from the conveniences of life.

A modern hotel, too, is situated in and overlooks lava fields and volcano, whose very garden paths seep steam, where flowers warm their roots in Nature's hothouse, where sulphur and vapor baths could be taken "au naturel" in almost any spot.

This caravansary has sheltered thousands of tourists, many a famous man. The original building, an Hawaiian grass house, is incorporated in the present structure, its outside weather boarded, but its interior unchanged since 1868. It houses many interesting relics, and its present use is for a billiard room. By its quaint old fireplace Mark Twain and Stevenson sat and told tales, and many a lesser light has waxed eloquent.

* During the Sixty-third Congress an act was passed creating Kilauea and environs, a National Park Reservation.

Its guest books hold an ever-increasing store of pithy comments and original poetry in many languages, signatures of eminent men and women, commoner and nobleman, people whose travel have taken them to the four corners of the earth. Here may be found notes ranging from "Gee, ain't this swell?" to a rounded period in faultless English, a Savant's eulogy. All agree in one essential fact, *that nothing in the world equals Kilauea.*

Words there may be, which can adequately describe this wonder, but before its majesty and grandeur, they fail us. It beggars description. "The half cannot be told." Like "the beauty unadorned, which is adorned the most," a silent contemplation is its most fitting tribute.

Kilauea is so superior to anything we can compare it with by simile or contrast, such a manifestation of the unknown, in the physical universe, that it is almost too marvelous for the mind to grasp. It is so magnificent, so obviously yet in the hands of the Creator, that speech in its presence seems blasphemous. Consider the dignity of being so nearly in converse with Supreme Majesty.

Even as the Most High revealed himself to Moses in the burning bush on Horeb's mountain side, so today may a world receive a message here. The involuntary thought of every beholder, whether expressed or unrevealed, must surely compare the efforts of man, the futility of his ambitions, the shortness of his span of life, with the infinite duration of this primal power.

Yet do we know that in the fullness of time it too must pass away, while

"The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed center—
In the compass of a single mind
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie
That makes all worlds."

